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Turn To Page 13—For "John Bull" Pen Coupon.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 603. | SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1918. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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The Advertisements' Guarantee is on page 15.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 608. Week ending Saturday, January 26th, 1918. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Yarmouth.

The Admiralty has been "thoroughly re-organised"—and Yarmouth has been again bombarded. But Cologne is still intact.

"Unnecessary Casualties."

What was the meaning of this remarkable phrase in the speech of Sir Auckland Geddes? Hadn't he better confine himself to the civil side of the war?

Dishing Lord Northcliffe.

What will be the functions of Lord Northcliffe as chief of the London office of the American War Mission? Will Lord Reading have to send his reports to the Foreign Office via Crewe House? It rather looks as though the Press Napoleon has been dished.

"Hogge and Pringle."

Such is the Commons nickname for Messrs. Hogge and Pringle—the Siamese twins of Parliament—and who, by dogged determination, and indifference to Party authority, have become quite a force in the House. By the way, where is that new National Party?

These Steaks and Chips.

Notwithstanding that we have given the place where we came across them, in the Trenches, many Tommies are still sceptical. Will this extract from a Battery Fitter set the matter at rest? "I know you saw the steak and chips, for the chaps who had them were in the same battery as myself. The names of two of them were (I say 'were,' because both of them have made the great sacrifice) Johnny and Jakie Spear, of Penarth." Poor Johnny and Jakie—God rest their souls!

Mark Sheridan.

Perhaps the most popular of the late comedian's songs was "Mr. Bottomley—John Bull." When recently in Manchester we received a note from the poor fellow asking us to come and hear it at the local Empire, where he was singing.

We Wonder.

On January 15 there steamed up to Gravesend a so-called Standard Ship, built in Japan in less than two months. She carried 8,000 tons of sugar. We wonder whether by this time the Officials have ordered her to Hull, or some other port, to try their luck in getting her sunk, as seems to be their usual course.

We beg to Ask—

Whether it is a fact that, when the police arrived after a soldier had committed suicide in barracks, they destroyed the letter which the unhappy man had addressed to his wife? And if so—why?

At It Again—

For the Party Whips are already circularising the local Agents to get ready for an election! We thought there was a political truce. What a game it is!

The General Election.

Whatever rumours you may hear, take it from us that there will be no General Election before July.

Rolling Up.

What a lot of independent candidates there will be! But we shall be glad to hear of more.

An Essential Industry.

The other day a man was granted six months' exemption, his occupation being that of supplying Communion wine to the Clergy! Another industry saved!

Friends or Foes?

May we have a Return of the number of foreigners employed on Government work in the neighbourhood of Tyneside, and of their precise nationalities? We have reasons for asking.

Two Cases.

From the same paper: John Stein, a German baker, was fined, at Uxbridge, £2 for selling short-weight bread; Herbert Egerton, baker (British), was fined £20 for an exactly similar offence. Funny thing, law—isn't it?

Premium Bonds.

So that very "Select" Committee is against them. Next week we will indicate a way in which, within the law, it will be possible to put the scheme into immediate operation.

The Explanation.

During the inquest on a woman the other day, it was stated that she was in the habit of "singing, taking a drop of whisky, and then settling down to read JOHN BULL." No wonder the poor creature died—you can have too many good things at once!

What's in a Name?

At present we have not a word to say upon the merits of an important Government prosecution now in course of hearing, but may we suggest that, for the future, persons with names like Kupferberg should be rigorously excluded from British munition factories?

Alpha—and Omega.

Our dear brother, "A. G. G." of the *Daily News*, in his *Star* column "by Alpha of the Plough," is very upset over the Honours List, and dishes up—without acknowledgment—our point about the omission of Mr. Handel Booth's name. But he still hopes to see us "Sir Horatio." Well, "Alpha," you never will—and that's the Omega of it.

Down the Pit.

With regard to the terrible Halmerend disaster, at least one pit in South Wales is described by the men as unsafe. "When Inspectors are expected, the dangerous places are lightly timbered, and the Inspectors are not taken there." But surely they inspect the worst places without waiting to be "taken" to them?

Forgotten?

We are told that in a timber yard at Leicester are stored 84 cases, each containing a Tank engine, the lot being valued approximately at £40,000. As they have been there for months, is it permissible to ask if they have been forgotten, for they were originally deposited for a stay of just a day or two? It may be that some office boy is looking for them.

New Year for Huns.

On New Year's Eve, our dear friends the Huns interned at Knockaloe, Isle of Man, were permitted to keep lights on until 12.30. Tommy, of course, had to put lights out as usual. Also, no objection was raised to the Huns marching up and down the compound, singing "The Watch on the Rhine," "Fatherland," and cheering. We do like to make "the sweet things happy," don't we?

A Sad Experience.

A Lance-Corporal in the M.T., A.S.C., having met with an accident, was removed to Lewisham General Military Hospital, where an amputation was performed. The poor fellow never recovered, dying three days later. Only at the last moment were his parents informed of the accident, the mother being able to be present just as he breathed his last. Isn't it the duty of the hospital authorities to send speedy information of admission to hospital after serious accident?

Death and Sugar.

Mr. A. J. Hunt, Vaccination Officer and Registrar of Balsall Heath, Birmingham, seems to have about as much human sympathy as a cat. On 6th January a Mrs. Burgoyne died, and on the 10th, while her body lay in the house awaiting burial, her son received this written on one of Mr. Hunt's official postcards: "Will Mr. Burgoyne please let Registrar have sugar ticket relating to Mrs. Burgoyne?" Was Mr. Hunt afraid she would use it in Heaven, or what?

About the Limit.

We should have been prepared to register that as about the limit right away, if it had not been for another story which reaches us. "A few days ago," so says our informant, "a working man in S.E. London lost his youngest child after a serious illness. On applying to the parish for a certificate of death he was told he could not have it until he produced the child's sugar card. Subsequently, however, he was given a certificate accompanied by the threat that if he did not send in the sugar card he would be liable to serious trouble." No comment.

WHAT THE TROOPS IN ITALY SAY.

We have received the following inspiriting cable from Mr. A. G. Hales, our Special Correspondent on the Italian Front:—

The week has been notable for brilliant Italian minor attacks with the bayonet on enemy positions on various parts of the front, the infantry displaying great endurance and determination, in spite of snow, which is now falling heavily. Many prisoners have been brought in, and these describe the enemy as longing for peace, but fearing German reprisals. The result of the week's work has been highly satisfactory, proving that we have now taken the initiative from the enemy, and giving a splendid omen for coming events. You may now expect peace talk, which will probably come through Russian channels, but will be really German-Austrian. They are badly checkmated here, and know it. Italy's new Army is now brimming over with confidence. Listen to no peace talk in England until enemy surrenders. Allied soldiers, interviewed by me, send this message to all civilians: "Stand firm; we who are doing the fighting can, and will, win. We trust you not to betray us by making inconclusive peace."—HALES.

Lieut. Dunkerly.

With reference to the paragraph which appeared in our issue dated 8th December regding Lieut. Dunkerly—described by us as "Captain Dunkerly"—Commandant of the Prisoners of War Camp at Crickhowell, who was known before the war as Mr. Dunkelsbühler — we are assured that he is a British subject, born in this country, and that "not a single prisoner has escaped from the Camp at Crickhowell whilst he has been in charge of it." We have much pleasure in giving publicity to this statement.

At Waverley Station.

The plight of a blinded soldier does not always appeal to a Jack-in-Office. There was a sightless New Zealander at Waverley Station, Edinburgh, and his sister wished to put him safely into the London train. An Inspector flatly refused to allow her on the platform, the poor fellow's own appeal being met with the retort that "duty was duty," and the sister must not pass the barrier. Fortunately a Scottish soldier saw to his comrade's safety, but it says little for that Inspector's humanity when duty deadens all compassion.

A Veteran of Labour.

An old chap got into trouble at Greenock because, at the age of 80, he dared to work. As he had also drawn his old age pension there was a rumpus, and the Sheriff suggested he repay £13, the pension received during his year's work. The Pensions Officer, however, stuck out for a full pound of flesh, between £50 and £60—in fact, the entire sum the old man had received. The Sheriff was nettled at that, and found a happy issue by fining the veteran £3, so the sturdy fellow romped home a winner.

Cambrai and Cover.

From Mr. Bonar Law's answer in the House of Commons, the result of the Inquiry into the Cambrai failure is that nobody could help it. First, Sir Douglas inquired, and sent his conclusions to the Imperial General Staff; then the General Staff inquired, and sent their conclusions to a Committee of the War Cabinet; then the committee inquired, and sent their conclusions to the complete War Cabinet; and finally the War Cabinet inquired—and that's all we're entitled to say about it.

Their Little Earnings.

Some of the poor fellows who are Civic officials in Manchester have been feeling the pinch, so the City Council wishes to ease their burden. It is proposed to increase the Town Clerk's salary by £250; up to now he has tried to make ends meet on a paltry £1,750 a year. His deputy is to have only £200 added to his present pittance of £1,000 annually, while the Assistant Solicitor and Committee Clerk will get but another little £100 each. Life must be a bitter struggle for them. By the way, we wonder what the City's humbler employees get, and how much they have been able to invest in War Loan.

The only WOMAN'S paper insuring life and home free against air-raids is "Everywoman's." Monday, One Penny.

Too Old at 52.

Young enough to fight when 50—too old for work when 52! It seems wickedly incredible, but it is true. The man served for two years in France, then was discharged. He applied to the Whitechapel Labour Bureau, and was sent to the Co-operative Stores Tea Warehouse, in Leman Street. When he said he was 52, he was told "too old"! Yet he is physically capable of the work, and has been employed in a similar billet. Messrs. the Co-op. S.T.W. people are advised to try him.

Personal Application Only.

The insistence of personal application alone in respect of a ration card by a person who has changed his or her address not infrequently involves injustice. For instance, a London man has had to send his wife away to Birmingham in expectation of her confinement. She is much too ill to move from the house, yet she cannot obtain her rations unless she applies personally to the local Food Control for a special Permit under the Lord Mayor's scheme. A medical certificate ought to be sufficient in such cases.

A Slur on Wives.

Southminster, Essex, made a collection to pay for a dance, for troops stationed in the district. The men, being empowered to invite each a lady, naturally and gallantly invited a lady of the house where they were billeted. Nothing could be more correct or in better taste, yet somebody—we are told it was the Vicar—issued an eleventh hour ukase that "No married lady whose husband was at the front" would be admitted. It is no comfort to such men to know that their wives are publicly considered untrustworthy.

"Alderman of Oldham."

Alderman Sinister, who told a widow, concerning her boy killed at Hill 60, "Serve him right; he should not have gone"; adding, "Any that go out of my house will have to be fetched," has been driven to express regret. He is "afraid he spoke without thought," and with "no intention of hurting the poor woman's feelings." His cruel words not only hurt her feelings, but those of every decent person who has read them. His excuses by no means condone his offence, and Oldham would welcome his resignation from its Council and the Pensions Committee.

Workmen in Khaki.

"When is a workman not a workman?" If this conundrum were propounded to the Yorkshire (West Riding) Electric Tramway Company, they would probably answer, "When he is in khaki." At any rate, the Company recently went to the trouble of issuing a summons against a soldier who claimed to travel on their system at workmen's reduced fares; and when the Magistrates decided that, on the day in question, the soldier was actually employed as "a daily labourer, within the meaning of the clause," the Company gave notice of appeal! Is such action approved by the shareholders?

An Erroneous Statement.

By the Common Law of England a child under the age of seven is "incapable of crime" and immune from legal punishment; we are glad, therefore, to find that the *Sussex and Surrey Courier* was in error in stating, as it did in a recent issue, that the Horsham Magistrates, the Rev. E. D. L. Harvey in the chair, had sentenced a 5-year-old boy to be birched for the theft of a couple of eggs. It now transpires that the youngster was some years older than was stated in the *Courier* report, and consequently no stigma lies upon the Magistrates.

Sinn Fein and Soldiers.

Surely soldiers in barracks in County Cork are entitled to protest against the employment, in wet and dry canteens, of lusty young Sinn Feiners. As these gentry make a point of being insolent to wounded men, it is a wrong that the Canteens Board should speedily remove.

Oh, Jones!

Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P., Director of National Economy ere the spacious days of Yapp, says he knows nothing better for breakfast than maize cakes and maple syrup with plovers' eggs and perhaps a slice of smoked salmon. Verily Mr. Jones has not lived in vain. He knows something.

Not Stopped.

More about that waste in the Army which has been "stopped": "I have seen bread-pudding made for the troops, and it's not eaten, and, of course, it's put in the swill-tub. I am a peace-time soldier, and I see more food wasted now than I did then." In the provinces, at least, the things seem as bad as ever.

Potsdamnation.

The Blonde Beast is now at his diabolism in Italy. Germhun headquarters have issued a notice to the inhabitants of conquered territory announcing that not only will "lazy" children be punished by beating, but that "the Commandant reserves the right to punish 'lazy' women with twenty lashes daily." And still the Vonmacdonaldbachers and Schnowdensteins beseech us to love our enemies!

Mons Men Must Wait.

It is not necessary to deprecate the alacrity with which labour has been found to supply medals and badges for munitions workers and home-service soldiers in order to strengthen our protest against the decision of the War Office to keep the men of Mons out of their hard-won decoration until more labour is forthcoming to make it. Those immortal heroes ought to be served first by every claim of suffering, sacrifice and service.

The Taxpayer in Khaki.

An old Regular soldier, who, since his retirement from the Army, had built up a successful business as a wine and spirit merchant, rejoined the Colours at the outbreak of war, at a great pecuniary sacrifice. He now complains that he has to pay Income Tax, not only upon his reduced business earnings—the shop is in the hands of a manager—but upon his scanty Army pay. Surely his earnings as a soldier should go free.

An Improper Summons.

While her husband was in hospital, recovering from wounds, Mrs. Dorothy Brown was summoned to the Richmond (Yorks.) Police Court by Mr. R. H. Jacques, of Easby Hall, who wanted her cottage for a gamekeeper. The cottage belonged to Mr. Jacques, who seemed to imagine that he could do as he liked with it. However, now that the Richmond Magistrates have refused to grant him an Ejectment Order, new light may dawn upon the darkness of Easby Hall.

What the Comb Missed.

Paraded in the Press was the statement that 400 of the younger men employed at the Ponders End Works have been cleared out, most of them being unmarried. Information comes that this is quite incorrect, and that not a single man under notice to leave is of military age. On the contrary, several of them are bordering upon their allotted span of three score and ten, while the real young eligibles remain untouched by the comb. It is an outstanding example of how not to do it, in connection with the utilisation of man-power. Now then, Geddes!

An advertisement for ourselves and a boon to you—the "John Bull" Pen. Coupon on page 13.

GIRLS, BEWARE!

By Winifred Graham (*Author of "Ezra the Mormon," etc.*).

"IT is 'The Moment,'" said to me the other day an ex-Senator from Utah, who had arrived from the U.S.A to warn us that some leading Elders from Salt Lake City had recently landed in England for a specially planned campaign. "The Mormons are fully alive to the splendid opportunity afforded by the war for spreading their insidious propaganda among the women of Great Britain." To prove the truth of his words, I engaged a Lady Detective to attend meetings, and give me her private opinion of what she saw and heard. Now, this Investigator is accustomed to dangerous work, but in describing her first pilgrimage to a gathering of the "Saints," she says: "In all my experience I have never come across such cut-throat-looking people. They are horrible, nauseating. They give me the worst feeling of repugnance I have ever experienced. Their Service in the heart of London was held in a dimly lighted, mysterious hall, yet the moment I took my seat in the 'congregation' I felt that I was 'spotted.' Directly the proceedings were over I hurried away, but though I sat at the back, and it was a long hall, one of the best-looking Elders sprang from the platform, and, like a streak of lightning, was after me into the road. I can't think how anyone managed to be so quick! He begged me to return that he might talk of the Mormon faith, and I was conducted to a private room, where I found myself (a woman alone) in the company of the Elders, who devoured me with their mesmeric eyes!" From that hour she became their supposed friend and possible convert. Many were the lengthy confabulations held after Service to discuss the Mormon faith, and now she absolutely confirms the opinion of that ex-Senator who came to bid us "wake up." The priests boasted to her that Mormonism is increasing with leaps and bounds! From South Tottenham alone, one Elder with whom she talked had shipped 400 girls to Utah in 1916. Of course, war has to-day stopped emigration, but the Church—whose Head and President has five wives and 43 children—is taking deep root in British soil.

Crafty Concealment.

The priests are careful to conceal their doctrine of plural marriage from any who are not baptised into the faith, and until recently always printed the United States Manifesto forbidding Polygamy at the end of their book, "Doctrine and Covenants." Now the wily missionaries have issued a new edition, omitting this saving clause, thus publishing a volume which the law would do well to suppress. Our Lady Detective tackled a prominent Elder, who works at South Tottenham and has recently organised a branch at Brighton, on the subject of this compromising book. He flatly denied it had ever appeared without the Manifesto, saying she was entirely mistaken and had been wrongly informed. Let me quote in full, for his edification and that of the world at large, the paragraph which appears under the heading of "Commandments":—

> *If any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then he is justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him and to no one else; And if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery; for they belong to him, and they are given unto him; therefore is he justified.*

So we've got them on this book, for all their denial of polygamy, and it was fear which prompted the Elder's emphatic denial. "I wish," said the Lady Detective, "I could have confronted them with the book." I laughed. "I doubt if I should ever have seen it again!" I replied. "I don't think you would have got it home. The circulation might have mysteriously stopped before John Bull could prove it was being sold at the European Mission Headquarters of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, at 295, Edge Lane, Liverpool. My copy was purchased on December 6th, 1917, as the latest and only edition to be obtained. So I can honestly say, 'Come out, you Rats! Tell us the reason why you left out the legalising Manifesto from a book which now gives such a shameless Revelation as one of the laws of your Priesthood?'" We know that in Utah the Mormons got their polygamous children legitimised, and were granted Statehood, after signing a solemn treaty with the United States that they would not practise polygamy. No sooner was this done, and they had got the vote, than they broke their word and continued their old practice again, teaching it as a revealed mystery of faith.

A Nauseating Atmosphere.

Well may the Investigator add: "I can't describe the Elders to you in words; they were revolting men; they 'were all eyes and all over you.' I had a feeling that spies lurked everywhere, behind the doors and in the street. Men filed down from the gallery after Service and stood in a line to catch the women going out—there was an atmosphere about them which made me sick. Also, I didn't half like going there unarmed." Every patriot who values the sanctity of English home life must endeavour to suppress a "religion" which at any moment may receive from its much-married "Head" a Revelation openly to resuscitate polygamy. Even to my unbaptised inquirer, the Mormon Elder admitted guardedly that "it might come"! Under their outward cloak of denial, we remember that polygamy is the foundation of their faith, which blasphemously proclaims the most sacred Figure in the Bible to be a polygamist, and the Holy Women His wives. Will Christian England stand such prophets as these?

A MAJOR OFFENCE AND A MINOR PUNISHMENT.

HOW TO RUN A MOTOR FOR NOTHING EXCEPT THE FINE.

We do not suppose that Major T. C. Huth is a happy man. He may chuckle over the softness of his punishment. But he must feel a little ashamed—perhaps not ashamed of what he has done, for he was an habitual offender, but ashamed that he has been found out. It was a neat idea. He has a motor, and nowadays it carries a gas-bag on top. But gas is dear. And so the still dearer Major disconnected the supply pipe of his house on the Company's side of the meter, inserted an indiarubber tube, and so filled his gas-bag without the gas passing through the meter. He admitted in Court at Camberley that he had done it nine or twelve times. Was he sent to gaol? Oh dear, no! He was "an officer and a gentleman." That made the offence worse, of course, but it made the punishment lighter. He was fined £9 and three guineas costs. But suppose a poor man had tampered with the gas supply so that the register didn't work and he lived light free! Do you think he would have got off with a paltry fine? Not on your life! Still, there is only one law for rich and poor in England.

THE COMPANY YOU NEED.

WHY TRADESMEN LIKE TO BE ON FOOD COMMITTEES.

Mr. Pelton is a Croydon County Councillor, and a J.P., and a member of the local Food Control Committee. Doing all this for love of country and Croydon, he earns his daily bread and margarine as Managing Director of Pelton Brothers, Ltd., of Croydon, Purley and Warlingham. The other day they were fined £20 for two offences—£40 in all. But the Chairman remarked that "they admitted a firm of the standing of Messrs. Pelton Bros. would not wilfully give instructions to employees to charge more." Very nicely put, indeed! Peltons, Ltd., write to the Croydon Press to say that they have been over-fined. They had to pay £40 for only two offences, while another fellow had to pay only £40 for three offences! *Councillor Pelton is still a member of the Food Committee*, and apparently intends to remain so. True, the Food Controller has decreed that men convicted of food profiteering shall not continue to sit on Food Committees. But, bless you! Pelton has not been convicted. It was Pelton Bros., Ltd., who were the culprits. But what do the people of Croydon say?

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Smith, Bart, Attorney-General.

MY DEAR "F. E.,"—I am delighted to see that you have been telling our friends in New York the truth about the English—as distinct from the Scotch or Irish or the Dominions'—contributions in fighting men to the great war. You told that patriotic gathering of the Ohio Society that 82 per cent. of all the casualties on all the fronts had been those of English soldiers. That is a fine record, and it is one of which an Englishman may be proud, without belittling (and he never does do that) the splendid efforts of his comrades from other countries. Thanks for that speech.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Sir Arthur Lee, M.P.

MY DEAR SIR,—I gather from your speech to your Fareham constituents the other day that you are "not enamoured of Party politics," that you never intend to "go back to the old dreary, trivial political caucus," that "the old catch-vote Parties, Tory, Radical, and Labour, are as dead as mutton," and that if Fareham doesn't like your views it can do the other thing. You will, of course, be much more welcome to my opinions if I can have an assurance of your intentions at the next General Election. Doubtless the Tories would like to know whether or not you intend to run on their ticket, even though Radicals may not care an Assouan. If you want to be rid of both, it will be necessary for you to refuse allegiance to either. Are you prepared to risk the sacrifice and face the music in the wider interests of a better day?

JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Lawrence Mitchell, J.P., Dartford.

SIR,—My information is that there is a brisk demand for a Stipendiary Magistrate at Dartford, at which I am not surprised; for, certainly, the local Bench, under your chairmanship, have lately perpetrated some amazing judicial freaks. Perhaps the worst of these cases was that in which, upon a trifling charge of fraud—indeed, it is doubtful to my mind if there was any real guilt at all—you sent a young widow to prison for a month, without the option of a fine, throwing her helpless baby upon the mercy of the world. Even if this case stood alone—unhappily, it does not—I should recommend you for the Order of the Boot. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. O. W. Craven, J.P., Lambourn, Wilts.

SIR,—Charged the other day with a breach of the Petrol Restriction Order, your good lady having used a motor-car to follow the Craven Hounds, you pleaded ignorance of the law. In a plain citizen this might have been a pardonable attitude, but in a Justice of the Peace it was a sad confession. However, I hope you are now bending the full strength of your intelligence to the mastery of the Motor Spirit Regulations; otherwise, of course, you will be under the uncomfortable necessity of vacating your seat on the Bench whenever a case of this kind is to be heard. By the way, I see that you were fined only one guinea for what, after all, was a somewhat flagrant offence. I wonder why.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Rhondda, Food Controller.

SIR,—Several hundreds of typists are employed at the Ministry of Food. They are paid their week's wages on Thursday. Many of them are women and girls who depend absolutely on their pay. Now we are told, on good authority, that on Thursday, the 20th December, the girls were informed they would get no money that day because the Paymaster could not come owing to the inclemency of the weather. Some of the poor girls cried. Now, if that's true, don't you think the Paymaster should get sacked?

JOHN BULL.

To E. Smallwood, Esq., M.P.

DEAR MR. SMALLWOOD,—You deserve the gratitude of everyone for the courageous way in which you attacked the soullessness of the War Office in your maiden speech in Parliament. The poignant stories you told from your personal knowledge would have touched me more were they not but a repetition of much I have learned in my fight for humane treatment for our soldier men. You will have the sympathy of every parent in the cruel experiences of your dead sons. All honour to their memory. JOHN BULL.

To General Booth, Salvation Army.

SIR,—You are reputed to take a great interest in our soldiers, and to run your Hostels for their benefit. Is that so? Then why are tired soldiers, waiting through the small hours outside Liverpool Street Railway Station, refused admittance to the Hostel in Middlesex Street unless they pay for a bed? In the case I have in mind there were people of yours about, while the big comfortable hall in the basement was warm and supplied with chairs. But the orders were as I have stated. Can you tell me why? JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Joseph Francis, Mayor of Southend.

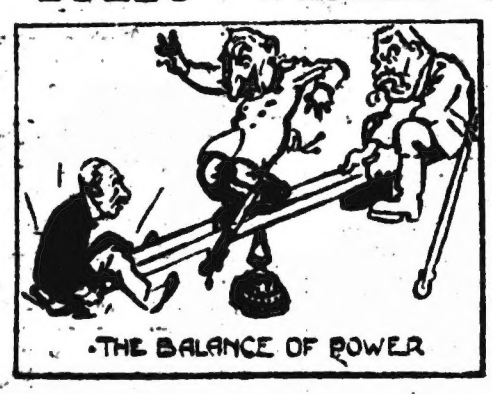
SIR,—Sad to say, I am in complete disagreement with you in regard to Sunday entertainments for soldiers in Southend. As a matter of fact, my good friend Tommy has no sort of use for the deadly dull kind of show—"a sacred concert with a short address"—which you seem to favour. On the contrary, he is thoroughly satisfied with the variety entertainments now provided for him by the kindness of local artists, and your attempt to interfere with these arrangements is strongly resented, not only by the soldiers, but by the bulk of their civilian friends. JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge Craig, Recorder of Belfast.

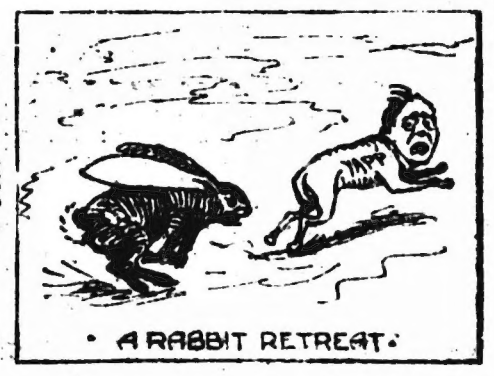
SIR,—A discharged soldier, appearing before you in a claim for wages, had been invalided from the Army with some nerve affection—probably one of the varieties of "shell-shock" which form so cruel a part of the wreckage of war. However, as far as you were concerned, the man's services to his country were rewarded with nothing better than a heartless sneer. "He suffered from his nerves," you said, "and such men should stay at home with their mothers." I will not comment upon this cruel utterance. Nothing could add to the discredit it reflects on you. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

"All tickets!" soon will be the cry,
No matter what we wish to buy.



Despite the Kaiser's prayer or "cuss,"
His job is most precarious.



Here see reversed the usual habit—
The Yapping tyke runs from the rabbit!

THE

LEATHER SHORTAGE.

STRIKING INNOVATION.

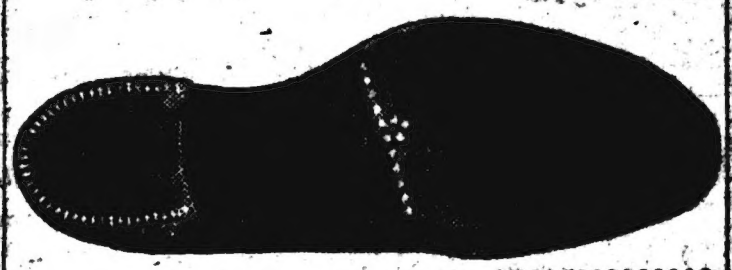
GRAVE reason exists for believing that supplies of footwear during the next few months will be totally inadequate. Anticipating a shortage, we have made large stocks of the particular boot described below, which can be purchased in single pairs "Direct-from-Factory-to-Wearer" at prices materially below those which will apply a few months hence, and it behoves every reader to secure his stock of footwear before famine prices set in.

The illustration represents a DOUBLE SOLE BOOT—in other words, ECONOMY in its true sense. The boot itself is constructed from *solid leather*, the upper being specially selected Box Calf. The additional sole which is fitted, although rendering it eminently suitable for the winter weather, does not add appreciably to the weight, and abounds in good points.

No matter how many times new soles are attached, the foundation of the boot remains undisturbed, the rigidity being maintained, and, unlike ordinary footwear, fresh "Clump" soles can be affixed so long as the other parts remain good. Contrast this with the single sole. During process of repairs, the foundation has necessarily to be mutilated, which eventually causes the boot to break down and be discarded, in addition to which the wet is liable to penetrate through the joint which has been made in applying the new half sole. This *cannot* occur in the boot advertised here, as the original foundation remains intact.

Remit 25/9 Now for this splendidly made GUARANTEED Boot. Don't wait until the price is higher.

25/9
POST FREE.



Sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12, 1s. extra). Each size made in three different widths; No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide). If the size is not known, send a pencilled outline of stockinged foot, or an old boot which fits correctly, from which we can ascertain what is necessary. Boots willingly exchanged in case of misfit.

SPECIAL SHOW
During the next Seven Days at London Branch,
22, Cheapside, E.C.

W. BARRATT & CO., Ltd.,
Dept. B, "Footshape" Works, NORTHAMPTON.

Read what this FAMOUS COOK says on

MAKING the BEST of WAR FLOUR.

YOU and your family need worry no more about the appalling war flour we are getting now-a-days. You can buy at your grocer's a preparation which, in the words of one of the best-known cookery experts in London, completely solves war flour troubles. And this wonderful preparation will also save you *at least* eightpence in the shilling on your eggs—a 7d. tin is equal to 21 eggs—*three a penny!*

But read the story as Miss Wright tells it. Here are her words:

By Elsie Mary Wright
("Our Own Rep." Medallist of the National Training School of Cookery; Domestic Editress "Every-woman's Weekly," etc., etc., and one of the best-known cookery experts in London).

Miss Wright says:
"With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty."

WHY not get a few 1½d. packets (or a 7d. tin) from your grocer to-day, and let Goodall's Egg Powder begin to make war flour acceptable (and save you money) in your home? Instead of using three eggs in that favourite cake of yours use *one* egg and one packet of Goodall's Egg Powder. The cost will then be 6½d. instead of 1/3d., the cake's flavour and appearance and everything else will be perfect, AND you'll have saved 8½d.

IMPORTANT.

Don't accept a mere substitute when you ask for Goodall's Egg Powder—it is different from and better than its imitators, as was proved by an independent scientific analysis in "The Times" Food Number of June 8th, 1914.

Your grocer will supply what you want—the genuine Goodall's—if you insist. And you will find it worth while to do so.

1½d. packets; 7d. and 1/2 tins.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

COMBING OUT.

Now that the "comb" has come to stay,
Let's take one down Westminster way.

Apply it to the Talking Shop,
And comb the "duds" out at the top.

DEATH OF ANOTHER "MALINGERER"!

A GROWING SCANDAL AND THE SPEEDY REMEDY.

In returning a verdict "in accordance with the medical testimony," the jury at the inquest on the body of Private Ernest Wm. Chinnery, Southern Command Labour Centre, added a rider emphasising the view that the word "malingering" should be removed from the military report, as there was no malingering. They might well have gone on to suggest that the name of Dr. J. H. Walters, M.R.C.S., should be removed from the War Office list—for morally, though apparently not legally, the man was responsible for the death of Chinnery. Here was a soldier who had been on several occasions examined by Walters and found by him to be suffering with "slight bronchial catarrh." But when Chinnery reported sick again on December 29th Walters "could not remember having seen him before," examined him casually, declared him quite fit, called him a malingerer, *and he was put down for punishment.* His military chiefs, however, had more mercy and more sense. Chinnery was ordered light duty. On January 6th he was reported to be seriously ill and bringing up blood. Preparations were made to remove him to the War Hospital, but he collapsed in the street. He was brought to the hospital in a dying condition. The post-mortem disclosed "the rupture of a blood-vessel as a result of the diseased conditions of the wall of a cavity in the lung, the latter having been caused by pressure of a cancerous mass on one of the small bronchial tubes." And a few days earlier Walters had accused this poor man of malingering and marked him down for punishment! We do not say Walters is a callous brute who cares not a rap for the men, nor that he is an utter fool. But he is quite unfit for his job, and a danger to the lives of soldiers. This sort of thing has been getting too common, and an example must be made. Remember the case of Corporal Quinn, of Belfast!

SHAMEFUL PERSECUTION.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF A MONS VETERAN.

We are interested in the case of a railway porter named Radmall, lately discharged from the employment of the South Eastern and Chatham Line. Apart from a single slip, and that not of a serious nature, Radmall has an excellent record. He was one of the "Old Contemptibles," an Army Reservist, recalled to the Colours at the outbreak of war, engaged in the retreat from Mons, and finally discharged from the service with an excellent character. Before the war, he had put in three years' work with the London and North Western Railway Company, without a single complaint. However, after a few months with the S.E.C.R., where he obtained employment on his discharge from the Army, Radmall had the misfortune to be arrested and convicted upon a betting charge. The prosecution was one of those stupid and trifling police actions, against which we have so often protested, the suggestion that the defendant was an habitual bookmaker being sufficiently disproved by the fact that he had to sell up his furniture to pay a fine of £5. Unfortunately, the matter did not end there, the stigma of his arrest and conviction having followed the poor fellow ever since, ruining his chances of steady employment—engagements first with the Great Northern Railway Company, and afterwards with the General Post Office, being cut short by the receipt of a "confidential report" from the S.E.C.R. officials. Hounded out of one job after another, Radmall has been reduced to the verge of despair. Had he been guilty of the blackest crime in the calendar, rather than of a trifling and purely technical offence, he could scarcely have been worse treated. Is there no firm sufficiently patriotic and generous to waive the matter of the betting conviction, and to give this Mons veteran, with an otherwise clean record, renewed hope, and a fresh start?

MEAT SCANDAL EXPOSED

PLENTY FOR ALL—A CURE FOR THE QUEUE—A

By THE EDITOR.

ANY man who does not to-day hear the rumbling of revolt on the part of the people, unable to obtain their necessary food, must indeed be deaf. The queues are a national disgrace, and they constitute the severest condemnation of the ineptitude of the Government in dealing with what, after all, is the most vital problem when any nation is at war—the feeding of its people, to say nothing of its troops. I say it, and say it deliberately, that there has never been a day when every soul in this country could not have had a meal, and at a reasonable price, if only common sense and common honesty had operated in the solution of what is called the food problem. It is the criminal weakness of the Government in dealing with the cursed profiteer, and the crass ineptitude of the various departments in the transport and handling of our food supplies, which have led to complaining in our streets, to empty cupboards, to hungry children and the Sunday without the midday meal. In God's name, when will it be realised that we are at war; that this is no time for fine feeling, for considering this man's rights or that man's privileges? We have conscripted the young manhood of the nation; the blood of the first-born is spattered on the lintels of the doors of the people. Stop this fooling; conscript, commandeer—I care not what term you use—everything essential to the life and health of the nation—the cattle, the poultry, the grain, yes, and the rabbits. What a scandal! When the vermin of the field could be sold by the insolent profiteer at 4s. a-piece, the poor in their hunger were ruthlessly fleeced. So soon as an official price was fixed and 1s. 9d. was the plunder, there were no more rabbits on the market! I would shoot those farmers and those dealers who refused to supply as many rabbits to-day as they did a fortnight ago. And, what is more, I should have the nation solidly behind me applauding the wisdom—yes, and the justice—of my action. We know that these parasites of patriotism have hidden away millions of pounds of tea when thousands of people cannot get a ha'porth; that the cattle come no more to the city; that the pork is in cold storage. There is only one way—the ruthless way. I would confiscate the entire stock of every profiteer. I would commandeer at a fair price everything eatable, and would impose heavy penalties on the man who did not produce this year more than he did last year.

July, 1916—January, 1918.

Months ago—in July, 1916—the fraud and scandal of inflated prices caused by the shortage of meat were exposed in these columns. First of all it was shown that the Transport Department had taken ships specially designed for the carriage of chilled and frozen meat, and had deliberately gutted them for conversion into troopships and transports when other vessels equally suitable were available. That spirit of wantonness continues, and the Board of Trade, with its so-called "Advisory Committee," was equally responsible. But JOHN BULL did not stop at destructive criticism. It pointed out the remedy for the loss occasioned by the delay in unloading the meat cargoes—the use or building of stores on shore at all the principal ports of distribution. Of course nothing was done. But now—in January, 1918, when the spectre of want is stalking the land, and the common people are searching for food—I read "the work of increasing the cold storage accommodation at big ports is already in hand, and when complete there will be room in the storage houses for a three months' supply of food." Take this case as only too typical. Several large ships arrived at the London Docks on January 1st, bringing consignments of meat and other foodstuffs. Why did those vessels lie idle and untouched for twenty-four hours? Because, forsooth, the shipowners refused to pay extra rates for discharging—the men contending that they were entitled to Bank Holiday pay! And now look at Plymouth; would you believe that such an important port possesses practically no cold storage at all, nor accommodation for discharging large vessels? Frozen meat, of course, must be landed into a cold store or sent by properly fitted trucks—of which there are only about three thousand in the country. A ship with four thousand tons of meat cannot be discharged at Plymouth in less than a month! Its one cold store—the *Devon*, intended for fish and ice—takes only a few hundred tons of meat. Can you wonder that vessels have been frequently torpedoed on their way from Plymouth to other ports?

Those Permanent Officials!

Lord Rhondda, it is true, has at last been moved to take action. But why appoint one of those dreadful Permanent Officials as head of Cold Storage and Inland Transport? Mr. Wardle, who recently resigned—for reasons which it would be interesting to learn—*did* know something about the business. If rumour be correct, he gave up the job because he would not tolerate muddling interference from those Permanent Officials. There is not in the whole Government coterie dealing with the question of meat transport a single individual who has had any practical experience. Every day we have columns of our morning papers filled with matter regarding the meat shortage, and every day we hear from well-informed quarters that much of that shortage is avoidable. Those who are supposed to be tackling the problem do not appear to know that by fixing the price of mutton they levelled up the price of old ewes to that of prime wethers, though in normal times there is a difference of 2d. to 3d. a pound. The consequence of the unnatural rate is that farmers saw a chance of getting rid of mother sheep at an enormous profit. At the Metropolitan Cattle Market, Islington, one day recently, two hundred of them were killed—and in the act three hundred and forty lambs which they "carried" were destroyed! Again, can anyone tell us why all vessels coming from the Argentine to this country are not *compelled* to carry live cattle on deck? Ships of moderate size can thus accommodate 400 to 800 oxen and 600 to 1,000 sheep, and yet the muddle-headed officials make no move. Is the Board of Agriculture impeding the efforts of the

MEAT SCANDAL EXPOSED!

PLENTY FOR ALL—A CURE FOR THE QUEUE—MUDDLE AND MESS.

By THE EDITOR.

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Lack of Cold Storage.

At the beginning of the war the Transport Department, instead of erecting Stores at various large and important centres where meat had to be landed for distribution, took twenty of the meat boats and laid them up at various ports as store hulks. This entailed not only the stoppage of one boat at each port, but two—one had to act as a feeder to the store ship. Any practical man would have fitted up a large warehouse as a meat store, and allowed the vessels to keep trading backwards and forwards to maintain the supply. The meat vessels should be kept constantly on the run; as fast as one cargo is discharged, the ship should be sent back for another—especially in the Argentine trade. As it is, vessels with 4,000 to 5,000 tons of meat are ordered from port to port, discharging a little here and a little there, and so the delay and loss of carrying capacity become terrible. I have told the story of the *La Rosarina*, ordered from Teneriffe to Falmouth, then to Weymouth, and then to Boulogne—where she discharged 70 tons a day for a fortnight and then left with half cargo for Avonmouth *via* Falmouth, at which port she finished her discharge—finally proceeding to Liverpool to load. The tale of the *La Blanca* is also well-known. She was torpedoed with 4,000 tons of meat on board, eight hours after she left Plymouth for Southampton. She should, of course, have been able to discharge her cargo at the first port of call, but there were no facilities there. The *El Argentino*, discharged at Marseilles, should have gone back direct to the River Plate. She, however, came to Swansea, then proceeded to Hull, and on her way to London to load cement she was sunk—and thus another 3,500-ton meat ship was lost. I could fill this paper with similar stories. As regards landing and carrying refrigerated produce, the Government should fit up, upon an approved plan, at least four times the present number of trucks for the transport of meat. They should have built stores at all the large ports—especially Falmouth and Plymouth—where vessels, once arrived, could discharge. They should have built and equipped large refrigerated barges that could be towed close in shore round the coast. They should get hold of a few practical men, and allow them to work untrammelled by the Permanent Officials. What is wanted is the services of men who have handled meat boats and cargoes for years. *They* would soon have meat, butter, rabbits and all kinds of food in abundance in every part of the country.

The Queues' Ominous Length.

Then take some tricks of the retail trade. A poor woman wrote me only the other day that she was, after long waiting in a queue, able to purchase at a local butcher's a piece of scraggy mutton for 2s. 1d. She could not afford a prime cut—nor even to spend the whole of this sum herself; half of the meat was for a friend, who was too infirm herself to join in the struggle. She requested the butcher to cut it in two. He immediately did so, threw it on the scale and said, "That will be four shillings—it's chops." Remonstrance was useless; the only satisfaction she could get was: "Take it or leave it—there are plenty of others"—indicating the surging crowd. A very widespread grievance is that poor people generally are suffering because they have not run weekly accounts, tradespeople telling them that the first to be served are their "regular customers." But even where a man desires to trade honestly the futile and farcical restrictions imposed upon him render it impossible. I have written quite plainly, and what is more I have made practical suggestions—raising common sense and business points which could, and should, have been dealt with in the early days of the war. "Wait and See" is a dangerous policy when the poor are searching for food, and even the well-to-do cannot be certain of a Sunday's meal. Piffling regulations imposed upon the trader, absurd restrictions and ill-considered prices, have only added to the difficulty and lengthened the ominous measurement of the queues. I repeat that with proper business management there is meat for all, and I have shown how even at this late hour the queues can readily be cured. There is one thing the People will not stand; that is, being starved while food is hoarded and the profiteer is rampant in the land. Let the Government take warning—there is an ugly spirit abroad, and unless the reasonable needs of the public are met, as they *can* be met, there will be grievous trouble throughout the country.

WHY DID BERNARD WARNER DIE?

DISTRESSING CASE FROM A MANCHESTER INFIRMARY.

The sad death of a baby boy, Bernard Rupert Warner—only fifteen months old—at Booth Hall Infirmary, Manchester, demands most serious attention. The facts are as clear as the circumstances are suspicious. The child's mother had to be taken to the Infirmary in Crescent Road, suffering with appendicitis. There being nobody to look after little Bernard, he was admitted at Booth Hall, a separate institution. He was a bonny, bright, healthy boy when taken in, being such a fine child as to win two high prizes in Baby Shows. His father called twice at Booth Hall to see him, but was not allowed to, Regulations being advanced as the bar. But he was told Bernard was going along all right. A fortnight later the mother, still weak, came home. Bernard's grandmother called at Booth Hall, saw the child, and at first failed to recognise him, nor did he know her. He was so thin that she cried, "This is not Bernard!" Then she discovered red marks, as of weals, on the mite's posterior, and told the Matron they must have been caused by a beating. The child was so bad that she resolved to take him home, but the usual formalities of discharge and the fetching home of Mrs. Warner delayed the boy's departure for two days. When at home, Bernard was seen by a private doctor, by motherly women, and by Inspectors. The doctor's opinion, confirmed by the others, is that the weals on the buttocks were caused by beating, and by such a beating as might be given to a child very much older. It seems cruelly certain that punishment had been administered with a strap or cane, as one might chastise a boy of 14. The terrible story does not end there. Bernard died eight days after being brought home, despite every care and medical attention. Ill when brought away, he never rallied, death being certified as due to infantile diarrhœa, a complaint from which he had never suffered, and from which he was not suffering when admitted to Booth Hall. The Sub-Committee of that institution announce they can obtain no evidence as to "how the marks on the child's body had been caused, but most of them were of opinion that the child had probably been accidentally 'nipped' through one of the boards in the children's pen, in which the child had played, being loose." That excuse would merely substitute gross carelessness in the place of gross cruelty. That gross carelessness has existed at Booth Hall is evident from an inquest held, ten days after Bernard's death, upon the body of another child there—a boy, 21 months old, having been "choked after swallowing a piece of pared apple given to him after dinner" at the institution. In that case, "Accidental death" was the verdict recorded by the jury. In the case of little Bernard Warner, the people who saw his weals will not admit the "nipping" of loose boards, but insist that the stripes were caused by beating. It is for the Guardians to sift the affair to the uttermost.

THE WAY APPOINTMENTS ARE MADE.

TOTTENHAM NEGATIVES THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

The members of the War Pensions Committee at Tottenham must be a curious collection. They advertised for an Assistant Records Clerk, stating that preference would be given to one skilled in shorthand and typewriting. There were two applicants. One possessed the desired qualifications, but failed to turn up to appointment. The other lady knew nothing of shorthand, so the Clerk suddenly found that shorthand and typewriting were not necessary, and she secured the billet. For the job of Assistant Correspondent Clerk there were two aspirants, one female, one male. It was laid down that the person chosen must be able to write letters without dictation and to work out figures. The lady wrote a specimen letter, and did a little sum—inaccurately. The man, an old soldier, also submitted his letter and his figures, which were accurate, he being familiar with the work required. But the berth, worth 40s. weekly, was promptly bestowed upon the lady. One of these days, if the Committee finds its affairs tied in a tangle, they may marvel at the unbusinesslike way in which they have set to work. Meantime, this cruel disregard of promises made in their favour by public bodies is anything but encouraging to soldiers who will require jobs upon their return to civil life.

A DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.

DEAD SOLDIER FLUNG INTO PAUPER'S GRAVE.

Invalided from the Royal Field Artillery, George Gardiner, a single man of 36, went into lodgings at Gravesend. He became seriously ill, and was subsequently removed to the Gravesend Hospital, where, despite every attention, he died. Apparently, the poor fellow had not a friend in the world, with the exception of a brother in Mexico; and, as he was practically penniless, the Hospital authorities could not undertake his burial. There was nothing for it but "the parish." In due course the Relieving Officer arrived on the scene to make arrangements for a pauper funeral. He knew that the dead man was a soldier; yet, apparently, did not think it worth while to communicate with the Military authorities, who in all likelihood would readily have granted the "honours" due. The next person to be consulted was the Poor Law undertaker, who agreed to make a polished coffin for 25s., the exact total of Gardiner's worldly wealth. This bit of "polish," put on for the look of the thing and "in case there might be a firing party," was the only trace of outward respect paid to the memory of the dead soldier. Otherwise it was a stark and ugly pauper's funeral, without a flag or a flower. There was no firing party. None of the dead man's comrades was in attendance. The coffin was met at the gates of the cemetery by the man in whose cottage Gardiner had lodged—he was the only mourner. We cannot believe that this scandal would have been permitted had the circumstances of the man's death been communicated by the Relieving Officer to the District C.O., or to the Milton Barracks at Gravesend. But as he failed to do so it seems a pity that the Hospital authorities, who clearly knew all the circumstances, should have taken no steps to remedy the omission. Such pitiful scandals are not readily condoned.

WHERE ARE THOSE PATROLS?

LARGE LINER TORPEDOED IN SIGHT OF NAVAL BASE.

There is no sense in making a mystery of what is common gossip over a large part of the country, thus encouraging the wilder flights of Rumour. We therefore make no apology for stating, upon authority which is unimpeachable, that two days before the sinking of the hospital ship *Rewa*, a large liner—practically a brand-new vessel—was torpedoed by a German submarine in the Bristol Channel within eleven miles of H.M. Naval Base at Milford Haven. The facts as reported to us are almost incredible, yet unhappily they are substantiated beyond question. It was a fine, calm night, and for fifteen minutes after the launching of the torpedo the liner's wireless operator was sending calls for help. Yet none of them was answered. Undisturbed and at leisure, the submarine circled around her prey, systematically shelling the vessel from bow to stern. Still there was no answering signal from Milford Haven, eleven miles distant, no hint of succour, no promise of relief—not even a patrol boat came. Rocket lights were no more successful than wireless calls, and even when the vessel was in flames, a blazing beacon that could be seen for many miles, there was no response from the land. Apparently there were no passengers on board, the crew—after nine hours in open boats, at first in close proximity to the German pirates—being finally picked up by a Naval patrol. And here is another case: The other day a steamer came into Penzance, after having fought a U-boat close to port. She put up a good fight, and came in riddled with shot and shell, bringing her crew—the gallant living and the gallant dead. There in harbour were packed the patrol boats, snugly tucked up, some dozen of them; frequently there are twenty. Not one of them had gone out to aid. It is no new occurrence. Many crews are landed from ships torpedoed and sunk within sight; other crews come in open boats after travelling from 50 to 150 miles without seeing a patrol boat. Yet Falmouth, Penzance, and Scilly Harbours swarm with those craft, spending more time in port during two years than they would in six years if managed by private owners. The men are not to blame; they are ready and willing to put to sea, to succour and to fight, but somebody or something—gold lace or red tape—holds back the patrol service.

Why not win a "Bulleto" Prize this week? See page 16.

The Men "Up Yonder."

Two Letters from the R.F.C.

BY the same post two letters have been received from officers in the R.F.C.—letters which will possess special interest for readers of JOHN BULL who are desirous of knowing "what there is in Pelmanism."

These two letters answer that question as far as the R.F.C. is concerned, and other letters are appended which give the various points of view of other branches (and ranks) of the Service.

The writer of the first letter says: "It has been of use to me in increasing my efficiency in the particular work we carry on as officers in the R.F.C. It has also enabled me to partially or wholly forget minor ailments and worries, *especially to conquer that form of nerves known as 'wind up.'*"

The second officer, in the course of a most interesting letter to the Pelman Institute, says: "I found the lessons and advice very helpful and beneficial. . . . It may interest you to know that in case I should have the misfortune to be captured I carried in my pocket the whole Course, and had them with me in nearly every flight of the 150 hours and 23 air fights of my merry 4 months' flying experience." (This gallant officer has been awarded the M.C.)

A General also writes by the same post, as the two preceding correspondents. He remarks:

"I take the Pelman Course very seriously, as all soldiers who have made their profession a serious study must do. I am very deeply interested in the Course, and have been so from the very commencement. . . . There is no doubt I have benefited considerably by it. . . . The extreme value of Lesson Eight I appreciate so much that I am asking if I may be permitted to teach my two young boys (now in course of training) such things as Celemation, the figure alphabet, etc. I am certain that had I known the use of any of these aids when I was a schoolboy, I could have passed any examination I went in for, with far less strain and better results.

"I may add that I have felt the Course to be so good that I have induced several officers of the Brigade to take it up. I am sure that many more will ultimately do so."

If there is a reader of JOHN BULL who has not yet received a copy of *Mind and Memory*, in which the principles of Pelmanism are explained at length, and in which a full synopsis of the Course is given, he should write for this *brochure* to-day. It will be sent *gratis and post free*, together with a full reprint of *Truth's* outspoken report on the work of the Pelman Institute, upon application to the address given at the foot of this page.

Another General's Verdict.

One of the most emphatic endorsements that the Pelman Course has ever received comes from a distinguished General with the B.E.F. He says:—

"The value of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalized."

Following upon the remarkable letters recently published in which Colonels, Majors, and Captains (both Army and Navy) have attributed their promotion, *and, in some cases, their distinctions*, to Pelmanism, the General's pronouncement is of special significance.

There is, in fact, a bewildering mass of direct personal testimony to the value of the Course from every rank and from every unit of the British Army and Navy.

It is not always promotion that is the object of those who take up the Pelman Course. Here is a letter which presents another phase:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

Easily followed by Post.

To the uninitiated it may well appear impossible that such remarkable results can be attained in a short time as a consequence of half-an-hour a day for a few weeks spent in studying lessons. Yet it is the bare truth, and it should help readers to realise what a tremendous force for personal betterment "Pelmanism" is.

As a reader of the Course recently wrote:—"If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to reason clearly, to Converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence, and Success. All mental weaknesses and Defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-Wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-Consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc.

Over 250,000 Men and Women.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. **It is directed through the post and is simple to follow.** It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere, in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet, in quite a short time, it has the effect of developing the mind just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in *Mind and Memory*, a free copy of which (together with *Truth's* special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers who send a postcard to the Pelman Institute, 16, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1. *(Advt.)*

WANTED 10,000 MEN AND WOMEN

TO TEST NEW HAIR-COLOUR-RESTORER FREE!

Offer of Complete "Astol" Trial Outfits.

Ten Thousand Grey-Haired Men and Women to-day have the opportunity of a lifetime placed before them.

Without any cost to themselves, they may commence to regain all the rich, *natural* colour of their hair without the use of Dyes or Stains.

Women especially resent the appearance of the first silver streaks, which quickly spread until the whole of the hair is affected, and their apparent age thereby advanced at least ten years.

What grey-haired person will forego the Great Gift offered here? A complete treatment that in a perfectly undetectable manner *actually restores the pigment or natural colouring matter from within.*

Write for a Test Supply of "Astol." Apply it in the simple, easy manner given in the directions, and from the very **first application** a change will take place.

2. A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful Hair and Scalp Cleanser, which prepares the hair for the use of "Astol."

3. A copy of the famous book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired," which clearly explains how to use 'Astol'

AVOID DYES & STAINS.

Do not resort to Dyes or Stains, which do **not** have a lasting effect, but are always and easily detected and sometimes injurious. Do not "Paint" your hair with a coloured fluid. Make your hair re-grow its own natural colour, and retain it—it is quite possible—and, moreover, it is easy.

"Astol" is not a strong chemical, and does not colour the white pillow slips or towels. **Its use is absolutely undetectable.**

If you, never mind what age, are troubled with **Patchy Greyness, Temple Greyness, Greyness over Ears, Streaky Greyness,** send the form below, and by return you will receive this "Back to Youth" Three-fold parcel:—

1. A free bottle of "Astol," the wonderful scientific discovery that literally forces the natural colouring cells of the hair to new, healthy activity.

No one need hesitate about using "Astol." It does not colour the hair, it makes the hair re-grow its own natural colour. You can put it to the test yourself without expense. Post the Free Gift Coupon to-day.

AGE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO "ASTOL."

No matter what is the cause of your greyness, whether it arises from effects of illness, worry, overwork, or from the natural advance of years. Even at 50 or 60 the pigment cells of the hair can be revived—and "Astol" will do it, for it has been proved beyond question in thousands of cases to be the unfailing remedy for greyness, from whatever cause arising.

Try it to-day FREE.

After you have once seen for yourself the effect of "Astol" you can obtain further supplies from any chemist at 2s. and 3s. a bottle; "Cremex," 1s. 1½d. per box of seven packets (single packets 2d.), or direct, post free on remittance, from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE—"GIFT OF YOUTH" COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a free trial Supply of "Astol" and packet of "Crémex" Shampoo Powder, with full instructions, as announced. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage and packing. Please write clearly.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper: pin the Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

JOHN BULL, 26/1/18.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. ASQUITH.

Goo' mornin', sir, goo' mornin'. You 'aven't give me up altogether, then, I see, although I've give you a bit of me mind now an' then. . . . Oh, *m..remarks amuse yer*, do they? . . . *Wish you could drop in more orfen*, do yer? Well, you've come in the nick this time, becos I want ter tell yer I'm surprised at yer. Yes, I'm abserbloomin'lutely surprised at yer! . . . *Woffor*? W'y, fur tryin' to start the ole Party games again before we've won the wore. I bin readin' yore speech to the London Liberal Federation larst week—a sorter private conference of London Liberal orfice bearers—and it's upset me no end, not 'arf. You sed: "Party, in the sense of Party spirit, and to a large extent in the sense of Party organisation, 'as bin prop'ly suspended durin' the wore." So it 'as. You sed "prop'ly," didn't cher? Very well, then. The wore ain't over yet, is it? Not by a long chalk. Then wot the blazes do you go outer yore way to try an' revive that same Party spirit, w'ich you say. 'as bin prop'ly suspended, before we've won the wore? W'y, you ain't consistent, man! You know very well that a speech like that o' yores will rouse the old Party spirit w'ich you say 'as bin prop'ly suspended. You've given the Party bigots jest the lead they've bin waitin' for. The *Daily Noos*, fur instance, 'asn't lorst no time in followin' it up, yappin' about Free Trade in the silly ole style, fergittin' thet wot they call Free Trade built the German fleet and gave 'em the money an' means to spring the wore onto the world. But I won't labour thet point, sir. Let the *Daily Noos* stew in its own fat ration. We know wot its *hattitude* was w'en the wore broke out an' poro little Belgium was bleedin' under the 'eel of the filthy 'Un. Wot I wanter say is this—If you reckon the ole Party games will bigin again w'en the wore is over, and 'ave the same success as wot they did in the parst, then you're backin' the wrong 'orse. I'll tell yer w'y. There's a contemptible little army of six or seven million men wot'll be demobilised w'en the wore is won. Before the wore some o' them was Radicals, some Tories, and the rest o' them sensible men, neither one nor the other. Well, this wore 'as tort 'em somethink. Army life 'as been a eye-opener. Wot's more, they've seen fur themselves the foul work of the filthy 'Uns, and their tremenjous strength. Very well, wot our soljers are arskin' is: "Wot was our politicians doin' to allow Germany to make sich preparations, and w'y wasn't England better prepared 'erself? If Party politics allowed us to be landed in this wore, w'ich 'as corst millions o' the best lives, and 'olesale agony wot carn't be described, then *no more Party politics fur me*! I've fought fur me country, not fur a Party, and when the wore is over I'll give me vote fur the country, not fur any bloomin' Party wot might land us in the same mess again." Thet's wot Tommy Atkins is goin' to say w'en the wore is over. As a matter o' fact, 'e's saying' of it now. 'Think 'e's comin' 'ome from the wore to place 'is perlitical conscience in the 'ands of stay-at-'ome Party 'acks and orginizers? Not 'im. 'E's comin' 'ome a free man, with opinions of 'is own, and 'e's goin' to 'ave a 'and in running the country 'e's fought and risked 'is life to save. . . . There's another thing, sir. Wot about the Party truce? . . . Well, I'm blowed—e's orf!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WESTERN MAIL":—

"Cpl. —— has been presented . . : with a silver wrist watch in recognition of his having WON THE WAR."

"WREXHAM ADVERTISER":—

"He (a Military Medal winner) is 25 YEARS OF AGE, with two children. He has been on active service about three years, during which he has been THROUGH NUMEROUS ENGAGEMENTS, and HAS BEEN MARRIED SEVEN TIMES."

"THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS":—

"Few people know that Lady Jellicoe has the native AIR of Wales COURSING THROUGH HER VEINS."

"BRISTOL EVENING NEWS":—

"The (Bristol's Own Comrades) Society should be quite strong enough to see that NO OLD COMRADE WHO DESERVED A HELPING HAND RECEIVED IT."

"EVENING STAR AND DAILY HERALD" (Ipswich):—

"British aeroplanes have had some SUCCESSES on the Italian front, FOUR HAVING BEEN DOWNED YESTERDAY."

"CHISLEHURST DISTRICT TIMES" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, Young Lady as WAITRESS, OR SOLDIER'S WIFE."

"SURREY HERALD":—

"Members of A (Chertsey) Co. of Volunteers fall in at the Drill Hall. . . . ONLY BELT AND BAYONET TO BE WORN."

"NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL":—

"Mr. Lloyd George stood firmly by the three essentials of an honourable peace, viz., restoration, reparation and guarantees. These obviously mean the evacuation by Germany of Belgium, Northern France, BERLIN, Roumania, and other occupied territories."

"EVENING CHRONICLE" (Newcastle-on-Tyne), (advertisement):—

"Bedroom and Sittingroom Vacant, suit officer and wife OR married couple."

"FREE CHURCHMAN" (Elland):—

"The children acquitted themselves and their trainers with credit, the audience showing their appreciation by IGNORING many of the items."

Become a GOOD PIANIST without constant "practising"

My System has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the system. No apparatus or specially written score. The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.

260 readers of "John Bull" took this course during 1917.

9,000 Successful Pupils.

Send for my Illustrated Book "Hints on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons, and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency.

Apply for booklet to-day, **but do not omit** to state whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn-tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

A. MACDONALD SMITH,
10, Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C.1.

From Brain to Keyboard
Macdonald Smith's System of Pianoforte Playing.

Rheumatism—Gout Neuritis,—Sciatica Rheumatoid Arthritis
CAN BE CURED.
A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

A discovery, which will rank with those of Pasteur and Jenner, has been made by a London Manufacturing Chemist—a discovery so far-reaching in its curative properties that all complaints of a Rheumatic nature yield to it in a most remarkable way.

This remedy, called "Curicones," has the warm approval of many Members of the Medical Profession, and is also used in Red Cross Hospitals. It has already been the means of curing hundreds of cases given up as incurable.

If you are a sufferer from Rheumatism, Rheumatoid Arthritis, or some other Uric Acid ailment, you should give "Curicones" a trial—it will be the dawn of a new life for you—just imagine yourself free from pain, your stiffness and swellings gone.

"Curicones" go direct to the root of the evil, and eradicate the cause of the mischief, thereby stopping pain and other distressing manifestations, not merely relieving symptoms, like so many preparations do. They successfully supersede all past and present treatments.

A West-end London Doctor writes:—

"Your Firm will doubtless be pleased to learn that the result of using your Curicones and Arthroids Balm was so satisfactory that I recommended them to Mrs. ——, who suffered for years from Arthritis. She is now entirely cured—all swelling and pain completely gone."

Can you doubt the efficacy of "Curicones" with such evidence as this? If they can cure Rheumatoid Arthritis, the worst of all Uric Acid troubles, and universally considered incurable, you may rely upon it that they can cure the minor ones. They cure after every other means have failed. "Curicones" start their good work from the very first dose. They are quite safe, tasteless, and easier to take than the smallest pill, and neither upset the Stomach nor affect the Heart.

If you are really a sufferer, cure your trouble now—to-day. Don't delay; waiting won't help you.

FREE. Send no money. Just sign the following and post to Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd. (Dept. U), 19-20, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. Please send me your little book, The Free Home Trial Package, and your usual circulars of information, etc.

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ADDRESS .....

AILMENT .....

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 8 rules and 26 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute.

Send stamp to-day for first lesson to Dutton's Business Colleges, Room J, Skegness.

TRY FIRST LESSON

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "*No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied.*"—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *19th August*, 1916.

A Question of Pay.

The soldiers of the 668th Employment Coy., in Londonderry, complain of the unsatisfactory manner in which they are paid; and they also kick against the refusal of their requests for a statement of account. Will somebody take note?

A Bit Brutal.

Does the Controller of the Auxiliary Hospital at Belmont Road, Liverpool, know that a patient whose arm was splintered by a bullet was the other day notified to be tried for a crime because with one arm he could not carry a tray of dishes, etc., for fifteen men? We shall be interested to hear the result of the trial.

Bagging the Beedle.

A London evening paper recently collected a handsome sum for the anti-aircraft men of the barrages around London. It was the wish of the donors that the money should be distributed equally among the men, but it seems that the Officer Commanding has decided that it shall be placed to company funds! We do not like this, and would ask the A.A.D.C. of the Thames and Medway defences to look into the matter. It must not be left in its present position.

A Hero in Suspense.

A photo was taken of one of our genuine heroes, who brought in twenty wounded men under heavy shell fire. His name is Gunner T. Spencer, and he is now in Lord Derby's War Hospital, Warrington. His picture postcard, taken by the King's photographer, is now on sale at a penny a time, and the war correspondents enthusiastically praised him; but the poor devil, who has earned the Victoria Cross twenty times over, has not even heard a whisper of a promise of a special medal, although his deeds, when we read them at our breakfast tables, made us thrill.

The Height of Meanness.

The readers of a Glasgow paper put up a fund to provide a "Jocks' Box" for the Royal Engineers stationed at Irvine, and each box contained a piece of cake—whereupon some person who controls the unit decided that the men's rations on the occasion should be cut down by one slice of bread! This made the men very un-Yappy!

Lovatt's Lads' Lament.

The 2/2 Lovatt's Scouts are quartered in an old brewery at Halesworth, in Suffolk, and their lot is not a happy one. We believe the brewery was medically condemned as a billet before, and some of the overseas men tell us that it would be regarded as a very bad billet were it in France. By the way, does no Orderly Officer go around to collect complaints?

Hardship at Holyhead.

We want particularly to know who recently closed the Soldiers' Rest Room at Holyhead for several days, compelling our leave men to hang about the harbour and railway platforms, and to beg bread from the inhabitants of the town. The kind nurses of the Beach Hospital wept when they saw the pitiable condition of some of the poor fellows who, starving and half-frozen, went to the Hospital gates to ask for help. There should be a return to civil life for whoever is responsible.

Not Prussia.

We would ask the Officer Commanding the 2nd Training Battalion at Blackpool, if it was by his orders that squads of men who reported sick were prevented from seeing the Medical Officer. We would also like to know if he considers it fair that one of his very junior officers should stand between the men and their rights in this connection. We intend to place the case before the proper authority.

The Tiptree Pumpuritans.

A member of the Congregational body at Tiptree, in Essex, writes regarding our recent paragraph concerning the treatment of the soldiers by the authorities of that denomination. He praises the Minister and his friends, but states that when the Committee discovered that the room, used as a Sunday School in ordinary times, had been turned into a "grog shop," they put their feet down firmly and stopped it. That was our own point, and the cause of our complaint. By the way, whoever heard of grog being sold in an Army Canteen?

Wanted, Greatcoats.

The official responsible for the issue of greatcoats to the men of the R.N.A.S. in Dundee might explain why they are left without that necessary garment. It is not sufficient for him to mark the indents "Not available."

Quite Another Matter.

Some bluejackets, rather puzzled, ask us why a grocer should be fined £20 and his assistant £2 for selling plum jam at 8½d. a pound, instead of 8d., when they have to pay 8½d. a pound for the same jam at the Victualling Stores. We give it up.

Hardship After Hardship.

A few evenings ago a minesweeper ran ashore at Aberdeen, and the crew got the order to abandon the vessel. They did so, and repaired to the "Sailors' Rest," where they were told that, as they had no money, they could have no food. They were sent to other minesweepers, where they also failed to get provender—and next morning were put to the work of salving the vessel on empty stomachs. This does not do credit to the people of Aberdeen.

Bluejackets and Bluenoses.

The bluejackets in D.1. Room, at the R.N. Barracks, Devonport, appear to put in their nights coughing and sneezing, often leaving their hammocks to stamp about the floor in order to get warm. Each man has only one blanket; and there are numerous broken panes and open ports which turn the place into a kind of "Fresh-air Cure" show.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Torpedoed Four Times.

An ex-Navy man, under medical treatment for the after effects of exposure, found himself penniless. He has been torpedoed four times, yet pluckily intends to go to sea again if possible, to "defeat the damned Huns." We wish him luck.

A Crippled Widow.

A maimed woman unfortunately lost her husband at the beginning of hostilities, whilst her son subsequently became prisoner of war. Two little ones are looking to her for their daily necessities, which she finds it very difficult to provide.

A Double Loss.

A bereaved wife sent us the sad facts of her misfortune. She had lost both husband and mother, and after paying the funeral expenses found herself stranded.

Temporary Difficulty.

A discharged soldier, absent from his work for a few weeks through illness, has nothing to supplement his pension of nine shillings a week, out of which sum he has to keep alive himself, wife, and child. He applied to the Discharged Soldiers' Fund, and received a heartless refusal. However, he found a friend at Long Acre.

Further Help Given.

A soldier without credit with his Paymaster allowed home to bury his child.

A young bluejacket whose mother was starving.

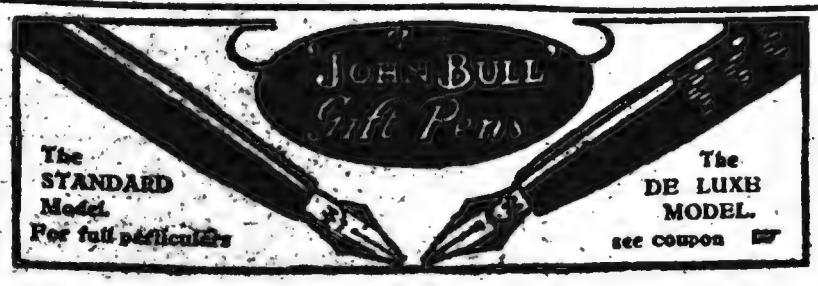
The blind mother of an only son, her sole support, called up.

A widow whose only boy—again her mainstay—was enlisted, notwithstanding Mr. Asquith's pledge in Parliament.

A soldier's wife who lost two children within six months, and was unable to bury the last.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Bath," 5s.; W. S., 5s.; Seamen, Stokers, and Engine Room Artificers, H.M.S. *Dentin*, £2; N. R., 10s.; "A Private's Wife," 5s; J. O. (Brixton), 5s.; "Dick and Jack," £5; J. M (Godalming), 2s 6d.; Mrs. G. G., 10s.; Weekly Collection C.P.S. (Woolwich Arsenal), £1; "Helpburn," 1s.; "2s. 6d. Winner," 3d.; H. P. (Newbury), 10s.; Anon., 3s. 6d.; E. P. (Belvedere), 6d.; "Ulsterman," 5s.; "Billy," 5s.; Mrs. B. (Leytonstone), 5s.; A. W. (Woolwich), 2s. 6d.; G. G. (Gillingham), 5s; "Trix," 1s., "Salopian," 5s.; A. A., 1s.; A. C., 6d; "Friends of the Nation Club" (per L. L.), 5s. 6d.; "In Memory of Mrs. Tyerman," 2s. 6d.; J. S. B. (Sheffield), 5s. 6d.; "Annett" (Birmingham), 2s.; L. S. E. W., 2s. 6d.; O. B., 6d.; C. H (Birmingham), 5s.; A. W., 4s.; S. H, £2 2s.; L. R., Rs.75; "A Regular Reader" (Hounslow), 2s.; "Gurkha Convalescent," £1; "88," 3s.; Miss M W. H., £3; "Cymshire," 5s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £5; Mrs. T., 2s.; "A.4," 1s.; "A Soldier's Mother" (Canada), 5s; G. S., £3 3s.; P. C. (B.E.F.), 5s.; J. S., 1s.; "On Leave" 2s.; A. R. E., 4s.; "An Old Sinner," 5s; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 5s.; C. S., 5s.; Household Staff of Servants at Dinis Castle, 19s.; L. H., 3d.; N. S. D., 10d.; E. A., 6d.; T. W. (Selkirk), 1s.; Mrs N. R., 1s.; M. C., 6d.; "A Sympathiser," 1s 6d.; N. M., 1s.; "Emily" (Dewsbury), 2s, 6d.; Mrs B., 6d.; K. C., 2s. 1d.; Mrs. E. H, 1s.; J. D., 2s. 6d; A. S., 1s.; J. P., 2s. 6d.; F. H. (Colchester), £1; "Well-wisher," 1s.; V. R., 1s.; W. M (Ilford), £1; "Thankful," 10s.; "Taxi Drive 5272," 1s.; J. H., 10d.; J. J., 4s. 5d.; W. A. C., 2s.; R. L., 1s., T. L., 3s. 3d.



"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

(January 26th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

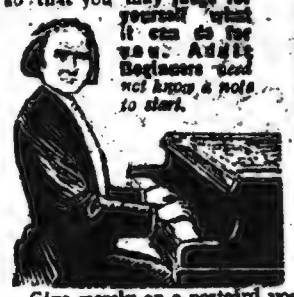
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure

You shall get to in a few months, from a few easy Correspondence Lessons, taken in your own home, a grip and mastery of the keyboard and also in reading music that years of ordinary teaching and practice can never give you. Thousands have done so for eighteen years. Modern progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music. Send to-day for my illuminating little illustrated book:—

"MIND, MUSCLE AND KEYBOARD."

It explains my method, and shows what many hundreds of all ages and stages say it has done for their playing, so that you may judge for yourself what it can do for you. Adult Beginners need not know a note to start.

A Beginner:—"I understand now that I was not interested before in the piano because the only idea I had of playing was thumping. I have already received such benefit as cannot be represented by your fee."—Rev. A. E. D. H. (Toronto).

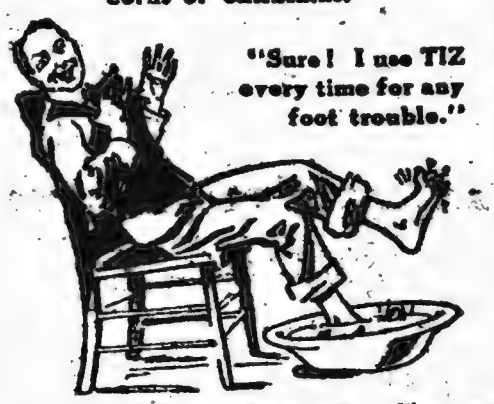
An Elementary Player:—"I think you have every reason to be proud of your System. My old pieces astonish me, they are so much easier: so much fuller in tone and power."—A. H. H. (Hyde Park, Leeds).

Give merely on a postcard your full address (Mrs., Miss or Mr.), with the word Mistress, Elementary, or Beginner, as may best describe your case, and the book shall be gladly sent you free by return.

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Can't beat "TIZ" when Feet Hurt

"Ah! Nothing like TIZ for sore, tired, puffed-up, perspiring feet, corns or chilblains."



"Sure! I use TIZ every time for any foot trouble."

You can be happy-footed just like me. Use TIZ, and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired feet. TIZ and only TIZ takes the pain and soreness out of corns, hard skin, chilblains, bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a TIZ bath you just feel the happiness soaking in. How good your poor old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. TIZ is grand. TIZ instantly draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, aching, perspiring feet.

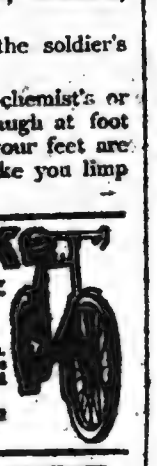
TIZ is a welcome addition to the soldier's parcel at the Front.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores. Get instant foot relief. Laugh at foot sufferers who complain. Because your feet are never, never going to bother or make you limp any more.

FITZPATRICK'S

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE. SAVES YOU MONEY. Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard. H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 83

BURNLEY.



Foster Clark's

You simply add water

2d Soups

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

T. L. (Bromley).—"You are a friend of Tommy and a supporter of the Turf. When these two interests clash, don't you think racing men should give place to Tommy?" Certainly—*when* they clash.

B. H. (I. of Wight).—"Spring-clean the House of Commons; I thought if I wrote to you that you would make it hot for some of them." Your confidence is not misplaced; our irons are in the fire.

"STAFF SERGT. R.E." (France).—"You will have to dare a bit more, call a thief a thief, and name him publicly. Of course you may have to suffer prosecution." Prosecution has no terrors for us when the nation needs plain-speaking.

"CONSTANT READER."—So you were surprised not to see our name in the Honours List, were you? We weren't.

LIEUT. R. D. (Queenstown).—"I don't wish to cast any discredit on your paper." You couldn't, old son, if you tried.

PTE. A. J. C. (Reading).—You must excuse us when we still object to Adult Scholars languishing to love the Germans.

"THE L.A.A.S. GIRLS" (Coddenham).—"How can land girls, out of 12s. per week, pay 14s. for board?" Our Office Boy, after wrestling with the problem, announces it can't be did.

PTE. T. J. P. (Clipstone).—It is a low down cur that writes anonymous libels about a soldier's wife in her man's absence. But a real wife and mother need fear no cowardly liars when she has a good hubby also.

"DISGUSTED."—"Whilst reading your journal I saw some very interesting articles in same." If we tried to hide them some bright soul would be sure to dig them out.

"EN AVANT" (Woolston).—The street lamps burn a lot of gas to make them light, and the tops are covered to make them dark. Smaller burners and less light would save too much money. But the tops must be shaded.

PTE. F. L. (A.I.E.F.).—"Which is the deepest mine in the world?" The mine of wisdom. Apparently worked out.

"A BRITISH SOLDIER."—So we "went against Germany and Austria for practically nothing"—so you write, in one more suspicious letter from a "soldier"—but written by a woman!

A. B. (Harrow).—Yes, we saw that the Rev. W. Shapcott "took his text from the people's paper, JOHN BULL." We may yet be included in the Canon.

"EN AVANT" (Woolston).—"When thinking about Income Tax ——" Next!

"FAIR PLAY."—"Hands off the babies' sugar, brewers!" Yes, madam, but those hands are never on it. Brewers' sugar is no good as food.

F. C. (Liscard).—"There is a Yappy Land, Not far away, Where folk in queues do stand, Day after Day!" Wonder where that land is?

T. S. (Plumstead).—"In a 2-lb. pot of damson jam my wife found 222 stones." You live at Stonestead, not Plumstead.

"CONSTANT READER" (Grangemouth).—"I say he is a beast, and nothing better." If he insulted a discharged soldier, he is something worse.

J.H. (Saltley).—We cheerfully read all soldiers' letters, but is there no ink in Bruin?

T. C. K. (H.M.T. *Inchmoor*).—Some wicked brute wired to your parents to send £8, using your name, and got the money. Other parents, note, and get confirmation before parting.

SGT. E. P. (K.R.R., Prisoners' Lager, Schneidemuhl) tells us that Sgt. F. J. Goodger, 2/W. Borderers, has been presented with watch and medal for saving a German girl from drowning on November 1st, 1917. He nearly lost his own life.

T. G. (Stockport).—The "big bug" who held up the tram service was shortly afterwards removed to an asylum. As he was "a jolly decent soul," we are sorry.

T. T. (Gt. Yarmouth).—"The manager said I was like the rest of the dirty ex-Service men, and came to chuck me out, but he received from me a good hiding." And if he comes to us for sympathy he will get a fat lot.

F. W. R. (Paddington).—Says the Countess of Warwick: "If we have to live on cabbage stalks we jolly well deserve it." Perhaps the Countess knows what she jolly well deserves.

"POOR JACK TAR" (Falmouth).—"The slipper gets cigarettes out of bond at 1s. 6d. per 100, and sells them to the sailors at 2s. 4d." On the mean make.

E. B. (Whalley Bridge).—Yes, it's a bit thick to buy a mantle in a box with John Bull on one side and "Made in Germany" on the other. However, John is marked "The World's Best."—so even the Huns admit it.

F. W. W. (Sydenham).—"I beg to forward a few lines on margarine-hunting." Why make horrors more horrible?

MR. W. (London Fields).—"I see you refer to rabbits." So many readers referred to them afterwards that we are nearly sorry we did.

SGT. J. (Fulham).—"I take the pleasure of sending on behalf of a certain young shirker." If he's a shirker, we don't want to hear anything on his behalf.

"LAUNDRY MAID."—"The gentleman who the shirt belongs to sent it back and said the stripes on it were not straight." A few stripes *under* the shirt would do him good.

"AN OLD SALT."—Dr. Fort Newton, coming straight from America, says London is a dreadful place and shrieks himself into hysterics. Someone must hold the Fort.

"PLANET."—"There is something foreign in the sky, close to Venus. Do you know what this can be?" Probably Mars giving her the joyful optic.

J. C. (Custom House).—The Tottenham Magistrate who advised a woman to go to the Workhouse, when threatened to be turned into the street with seven children, meant kindly. She could demand shelter there while seeking another house.

"AMY" (Clevedon).—Can't criticise photographer, but it's a pity he's made you cross-eyed; you have such nice hair.

MRS. M. S. (Essex).—You look forward to our paper "as a weekly letter from a friend." Thanks for a very pretty compliment.

S. D. (St. Paul's Churchyard).—What! The Kaiser 6ft. 7in. high? Shouldn't think so. In any case, he'll get taken down a bit.

"HARD LINES" (Gravesend).—You remind us of Mrs. Gummidge; you're such a lone, lorn body. Try a smile that won't wash off.

W. S. (Long Eaton).—Thanks for the "verses of poetry." They haunt our dreams.

E. H. D. (Clisledon).—Certainly you are entitled to a glass of beer when your work is done; in fact, you needn't have troubled to ask our permission.

"PRIVATE" (Bridgwater).—"Is it fair for unfit soldiers on hay-baling in Worcestershire to be bullied by civilian staff sergeants"? Not by anybody.

W. B. (Barton).—"Should there be any mistakes please correct." Only one —— sending it.

H. W (Huby).—Probably nothing in the "Spicy Cabinets," "Real Art Studies," "Parisian Girls Retiring," etc., of The Ideal Publishers, Clevedon, Somerset, but the appeal is to salacious minds.

S. B. (Droylsden).—"Ladies, for working hard, got a bonus of 4d., youths' bonus, 2d." Which we trust they did not spend in riotous living.

C. F. (Scarborough).—It is certainly unfair competition for the Garrison Theatre to admit civilians without payment of the tax. Isn't this a matter for the Inland Revenue?

"SOUTHBOURNE" and OTHERS.—Glad to learn that no slight upon wounded soldiers was intended by their removal from Bournemouth, the hospital being required as a Convalescent Home for Officers. So it was not the ladies' fault!

W. S. (Clapham).—"At the Deptford Victualling Yard lots of bacon is going rotten through not being sent to the troops; men can walk in tea an inch deep—not cooked, of course." Mean to say they would prefer it cooked before walking in it?

MRS. L. (Cirencester).—You are at liberty to send "Bullets" Coupons from your husband and yourself in the same envelope.

H. B. (Sevenoaks).—"Sugar brought to Plymouth by ship passengers was thrown overboard. Why?" To sweeten the sea. We know no other reason.

E. L. B. — Cook, Son and Co. notify the sinking of two ships, with 60,000 dozen silk stockings. Carrying stockings seems waste of tonnage, while the cargo will be useless now, even to the mermaids.

"EMBARRASSED" (Witham).—"After difficulty she received a permit as follows: 'Permit the wife of Capt. —— to visit him on board for business purposes only.'" Good business, we hope.

A. S. W. W. (Anerley).—"Shirkers in munitions, Exchanges, and Government Offices; not one has a right to hold his position while there remains a capable discharged soldier unemployed." Hear, hear!

"CORPORAL" (Camberwell).—You are hot on Dean Welldon; but we confess that the *D.M.* picture of that dignatory, taken with a group of Manchester girls (with his hand on his *embonpoint*), is not impressive.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 9a, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

WHEN YOU SUFFER

Antikamnia quickly relieves all Aches and Pains

TRIAL FREE TO-DAY.

Send you name and address to-day to address below, and you will receive free a presentation trial box of Antikamnia Tablets.

With the box you will also receive an interesting booklet which tells how you may quickly relieve all pain due to:—

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA HEADACHE TOOTHACHE SCIATICA GOUT

Dr. ROBBINS says:—"I have found them especially valuable for all kinds of headaches and neuralgic pains, and no remedy gives greater relief than Antikamnia Tablets in all conditions known as 'Women's Aches and Ills.'"

Antikamnia Tablets are quite safe; they will not upset the system, and have no unpleasant after-effects, so don't forget to send for your free supply to-day and cut short your aches and pains.

TRIAL PACKAGES FREE.

10,000 packages of Antikamnia Tablets have been set aside for free distribution. Send your name and address (a postcard will do) asking for samples and further particulars to Antikamnia Dept. (A 28), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., you will receive one of these presentation packages with interesting booklet and further particulars absolutely free.

H. SAMUEL'S FREE BOOK OF MONEY SAVING BARGAINS

FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!

WRITE TO-DAY!

25/- You will be delighted with the amazing value in every page of H. Samuel's big

FREE BOOK of 2,000 BARGAINS

It's crowded with beautiful Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc., at next to Factory Prices that save you pounds.

£8 Write for your copy NOW!

DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS. Enormous variety fine Gems, set in 18-ct. Gold, from 25/-

H. SAMUEL, 199, Market St. Manchester.

FULL MONTH'S TRIAL.

H. SAMUEL, LTD.

"The Smartest Army in the world"

was the justly earned reputation of the old British Army which for the past quarter of a century "blanco'd" itself clean and smart.

The New Army carries on the old traditions, and the kit bag still has its

"BLANCO"

now made in 3 kinds.

WEB-BLANCO.—A special preparation for cleaning all Web Equipment.

KHAKI-BLANCO.—For cleaning Khaki coloured spats, sun helmets, buckskin belts, etc. May also be used for web equipment.

"BLANCO."—*(the original kind)*—for cleaning all White equipment.

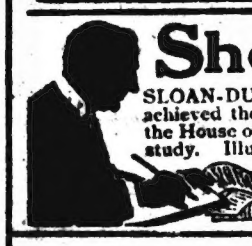
All these kinds are sold in Metal Boxes with sponge—a compact handy package. Sold also in Cakes without tins. Economical and easy to use.

WAR OFFICE APPROVAL.

Sole Manufacturers:
JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, LTD.,
BURTON ROAD,
SHEFFIELD.

The Food Beverage for all War Workers.

Vi-Cocoa



Shorthand

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN is the system that achieved the world's reporting record in the House of Commons. It saves a year's study. Illustrated booklet, with lesson, etc., free.—Sloan-Duployan Headquarters Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS.

A British invention.

A perfect Pocket Wind Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, 9d. each, or 8s. per doz. with Full Instructions. Com

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HOMOCEA

SCRATCHES AND BURNS

Pain Disappears when

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BRITISH MADE

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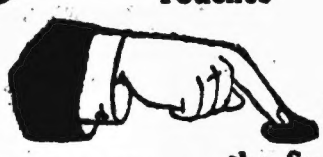

Trade Mark

the Spot

40 Years' Reputation.

RENOWNED FOR PILES.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

A sample of hundreds of letters we receive.

"As us boys are continually getting Cuts and Bruises, I have often given them some of the HOMOCEA I had. We find it more healing than other Ointments."

BE SURE AND SEND A BOX IN YOUR NEXT PARCEL.

ALSO FOR

CHAPS, SORES AND CHILBLAINS

It is a MAGIC HEALER.

You can get it of all Stores and Chemists.

Price 1/3, or 3/- (large box).

MORE HEALING THAN OTHER OINTMENTS

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—SORRY TALE. Bullet:—TRUANT TELLS SCHOOLMASTER. Example:—MOST ABSURD. Bullet:—ARGUING WITH RICH UNCLE. Competitors may send in Two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February 16th, 1918. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated January 26th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 271.

COMBING THEM OUT	WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN	IMPOSSIBLE	RANK INJUSTICE
ELIGIBLE YOUNG MAN	FETCHING GIRL	BAD ENDING	SORRY TALE
HIDE AND SEEK	SAVING HIS BACON	PAYING THROUGH NOSE	FIGHTING ON
RUSSIA'S TROUBLE	WHAT EVERYBODY READS	MARRIED IN HASTE	RATIONAL DRESS
DISCUSSING PEACE	GERMAN PROMISES	MOST ABSURD	EATING AND DRINKING
THREATENING TO STRIKE	LAW COSTS	SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL	WITHOUT BUTTER
WHEN ENGAGED	EMPTY CUPBOARD	SHUTTING UP SHOP	IN THE LIMELIGHT
MARKED GROCER SMILE	AT THE WAR OFFICE	SKILLED OCCUPATION	WHAT KAISER WOULD LIKE

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 31st.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(271) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" "No. 271. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 31st.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(271) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, January 31st.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(271) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 272.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach them **offices on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1918.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **272** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 272,** JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 272.

KEEPING WATCH	HOARDING FOOD	FIRST BABY	LOVELY GIRL
FIRST LOVE LETTER	SAVING HER FACE	DEAL OF TROUBLE	HELD UP
WAR AIMS	HALF MEASURES	HAVING A GOOD TIME	PAYING THE PIPER
DREADS THE FIRE	PRUSSIAN DIET	ARTFUL DOG	GETTING CROSS
GOOD RESULTS	ASKING THE WIFE	WHO'S TO BLAME?	MAKES KAISER GRUMBLE

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in connection with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be detached in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute impartiality will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 268th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. WILLIAM GIBSON,
3, Stanley St., Cipex House, Bishop Auckland, Durham.

Example:—SUGAR AND TEA.
Bullet:—"OLD COUPLE" ALWAYS WELCOME.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Nurse A. TAYLOR,
111, Buckland Avenue, Dover.

Example:—WHAT EVERYBODY'S SAYING.
Bullet:—RELIEVES THEIR "OVER-CHARGED" FEELINGS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. L. JOHNSON,
Rockmere, Mansford, Cheshire.

Example:—NOT FOUND OUT.
Bullet:—OUR DEFINITION OF HONESTY.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. R. G. Rivers, 136, Springbank Road, Hither Green, London, S.E.:
GOOD "ECONOMISTS"—CHAPPERS MISTAKE FOR ECONOMY.

Mr. D. T. Lenfranc, 147, Maldon Road, Colchester:
POOR SHOW—HESSIA'S "FOR THE MONEY."

Mr. J. Howell, 1, College Road, Barry, Glam.:
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—ANYTHING GROCER OFFERS NOW.

Mr. R. H. Aston, 617, London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea:
HOME SWEET HOME—"PROVIDING" DIFFICULTIES ARE OVERCOME.

Mr. T. Pattison, 53, Milton Street, South Shields:
HAPPY CONCLUSION—WOULDN'T SUIT NOVELIST'S BOOK.

Mr. J. J. Cooper, 19, Victoria Grove, Folkestone:
CALLING FOR ANOTHER—EACH SHIP THAT SINKS.

Bertrand Goodier, 43, Albemarle Street, Moss Side, Manchester:
HOME SWEET HOME—AFTER THE LAST INSTALMENT. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. J. E. Mellon, 7, Polk Street, Torquay:
THE KAISER FEARS—"UNCOOKED" REPORTS PROVING "UNPALATABLE."

Sgt. G. Sherrington, A.S.C., Headquarters, 24, Waterloo Crescent, Dover:
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—RED TAPE—GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL.

Mr. H. Eyregart, 17, Hyde Road, West Gorton, Manchester:
THE KAISER FEARS—RESTORING ANYTHING EXCEPT MILITARISM.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Pte. Harold Horwood, Ward 10, Bath War Hospital, Bath:
JUST AS GOOD—TO-DAY'S TEA WITHOUT STIRRING.

Mr. H. Leigh, c.o. 56, Platt's Crescent, Ambleoote, Stockbridge:
BABY TALK—IN GERMAN ARMY SOON.

Mr. H. G. Powley, London Street, Swaffham, Norfolk:
SUGAR AND TEA—SOCIETY'S LATEST COLLECTION CRAZE.

Mrs. Sarah Peyton, 113, Mortimer Rd., Willesden, N.W.:
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—ARMY SEEW DOZEN'S ENGINEER.

Mr. T. E. Williams, 67, Richmond Road, Six Bells, Abertillery:
WEIGHING THINGS UP—BUTCHER, THINKS NOTHING UNSALEABLE.

Mr. A. Thompson, Chechester Street, Hunslet, Leeds:
WHAT EVERYBODY'S SAYING—"TOUGH THINGS" ABOUT BUTCHER.

Mrs. C. Debenham, 6, Gillingham Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.:
ON PAY-DAY—GERMANY WILL HATE OVERDRAWN.

Sgt. T. F. Rowley, R/W Camp, Handsworth:
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Jan. 26, 1918.

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Jan. 26, 1918.

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Particulars of further wanted numbers will be found in the next column.

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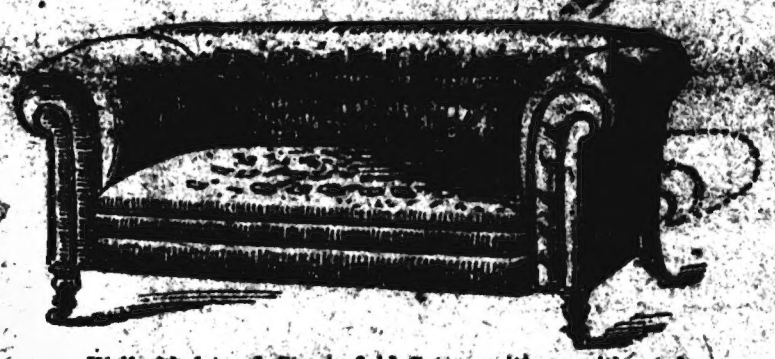

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